

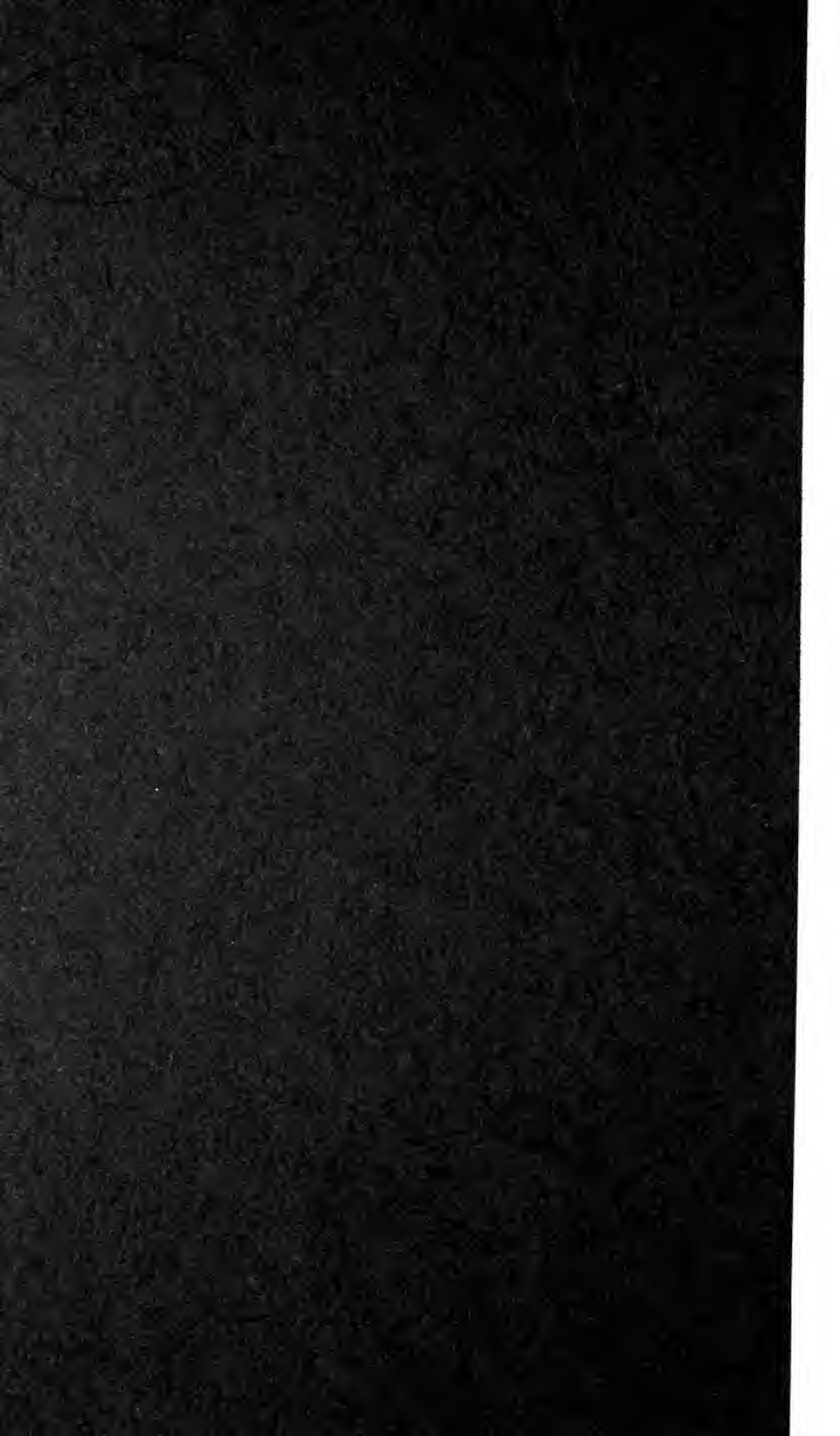
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Miscellaneous Poems.

BY

THOMAS PAINE.

London :

PRINTED & PUBLISHED BY R. CARLILE, 55, FLEET STREET.

1819.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REVOLUTION

The history of the Revolution is a subject of the highest importance. It is a subject which has attracted the attention of all nations, and which has been the subject of many valuable works. The history of the Revolution is a subject which has attracted the attention of all nations, and which has been the subject of many valuable works. The history of the Revolution is a subject which has attracted the attention of all nations, and which has been the subject of many valuable works.

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THE HISTORY OF THE

REVOLUTION

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Miscellaneous Poems,

&c.

THE FARMER'S DOG.

The following story, ridiculous as it is, is a fact. A farmer at New Shoreham, near Brighthelmstone, having voted at an election for a member of Parliament, contrary to the pleasure of three neighbouring justices, they took revenge on his dog, which they caused to be hanged, for starting a hare upon the road.

THREE justices (so says my tale)
Once met upon the public weal.
For learning, law, and parts profound,
Their fame was spread the county round ;
Each by his wondrous art could tell
Of things as strange, as Sydrophele ;
Or by the help of sturdy ale,
So cleverly could tell a tale,
That half the gaping standers by
Would laugh aloud : the rest would cry.
Or by the help of nobler wine,
Would knotty points so nice define,
That in an instant right was wrong,
Yet did not hold that station long,

For while they talk'd of wrong and right,
 You'd see the question out of *sight*.
 Each knew by practice where to turn
 To every powerful page in *Burn*,
 And could by help of note and book
 Talk law like *Littleton* and *Coke*.
 Each knew by instinct when and where
 A farmer caught, or kill'd a hare.
 Could tell if any man had got
 One hundred pounds, *per ann.* or not.
 Or what was greater, could divine
 If it was only ninety-nine.
 For when the hundred wanted one,
 They took away the owner's gun.

Knew by the leering of an eye
 If girls had lost their chastity,
 And if they had not — would divine
 Some way to make their virtue shine.

These learned brothers being assembled
 (At which the country fear'd and trembled),
 A warrant sent to bring before 'em,
 One farmer Short, who dwelt at Shoreham,
 Upon a great and heavy charge,
 Which we've recited here at large,
 That those who were not there might read,
 In after days the mighty deed:

Viz.

“ That he,” the 'foresaid “ farmer Short,
 “ Being by the d—l moved, had not,
 “ One hundred pounds per annum got,
 “ That having not (in form likewise)
 “ The fear of God before his eyes,
 “ By force and arms did keep and cherish,
 Within the 'foresaid town and parish,
 “ Against the statute so provided,
 “ A dog. And there the dog abided.

" That he, this dog, did then, and there,
 " Pursue and take and kill an hare.
 " Which treason was, or some such thing,
 " Against our SOVEREIGN LORD the KING."

The constable was bid to jog,
 And bring the farmer—not the dog.

But Fortune, whose perpetual wheel
 Grinds disappointment sharp as steel,
 On purpose to attack the pride
 Of those who over others ride,
 So nicely brought the matter round,
 That Farmer Short could not be found,
 Which plunged the bench in so much doubt
 They knew not what to go about.

But after pondering, *pro* and *con*,
 And mighty reasonings thereupon,
 They found on opening of the laws,
 That he, the dog aforesaid, was
 By being privy to the fact,
 Within the meaning of the act,
 And since the master had withdrawn,
 And was the Lord knows whither gone,
 They judged it right, and good in law,
 That he, *the dog*, should answer for
 Such crimes as they by proof could shew
 Were acted by himself and Co.
 The constable again was sent,
 To bring the dog ; or dread th' event.

Poor PORTER, right before the door,
 Was guarding of his master's store ;
 And as the constable approach'd him,
 He caught him by the leg and broach'd him ;
 Poor Porter thought (if dogs can think)
 He came to steal his master's chink.

The man, by virtue of his staff,
 Bid people help ; not stand and laugh ;
 On which a mighty rout began,
 Some blamed the dog ; and some the man.
 Some said he had no business there,
 Some said, he'd business every where.
 At length the constable prevail'd,
 And those who would not help were jail'd ;
 And taking *Porter* by the collar,
 Commanded all the guards to follow.

The justices received the felon,
 With greater form than I can tell on,
 And quitting of their wine and punch,
 Began upon him—all at once.

At length a curious quibble rose,
 How far the law could interpose,
 For it was proved, and rightly too,
 That he, the dog, did not pursue
 The hare, with any ill intent,
 But only follow'd by the scent ;
 And she, the hare, by running hard,
 Through hedge and ditch, without regard,
 Plunged in a pond, and there was drown'd,
 And by a neighb'ring justice found :
 Wherefore, though he the hare *annoyed*,
 It can't be said that he *destroyed* ;
 It even can't be proved he beat her,
 And " to destroy," must mean, " to eat her."
 Did you e'er see a gamester struck,
 With all the symptoms of ill luck ?
 Or mark the visage which appears,
 When even Hope herself despairs ?
 So look'd the bench, and every brother,
 Sad pictures drew of one another ;
 Till one more learned than the rest,
 Rose up, and thus the court addressed.

" Why, gentlemen, I'll tell ye how,
 " Ye may clear up this matter now,
 " For I am of opinion strong
 " The dog deserves, and shall be hung.
 " I'll prove it by as plain a case,
 " As is the nose upon your face.

" Now if, suppose, a man, or so,
 " Should be obliged, or not, to go,
 " About, or not about a case,
 " To this, or that, or t'other place ;
 " And if another man, for fun,
 " Should fire a pistol (viz.) a gun,
 " And he, *the first*, by knowing not
 " That he, *the second* man, had shot,
 " Should undesign'dly meet the bullet,
 " Against the throat (*in Greek*) the gullet,
 " And get such mischief by the hit
 " As should unsense him of his wit,
 " And if that, after that, he died,
 " D'ye think the other mayn't be tried ?
 " Most sure he must, and hang'd, because
 " He fired his gun against the laws :
 " For 'tis a case most clear and plain,
 " Had A. not shot, B. had not been slain :
 " So had the dog not chased the hare,
 " She never had been drown'd—*that's clear.*"

This logic, rhetoric, and wit,
 So nicely did the matter hit,
 That *Porter*—though unheard, was cast,
 And in a halter breathed his last.
 The justices adjourn'd to dine,
 And whet their logic up with wine.

SONG

ON THE DEATH OF

GENERAL WOLFE.

In a mouldering cave, where the wretched retreat,
Britannia sat wasted with care ;
She mourn'd for her Wolfe, and exclaim'd against fate,
And gave herself up to despair.
The walls of her cell she had sculptured around
With the feats of her favourite son,
And even the dust, as it lay on the ground,
Was engraved with some deeds he had done.

The sire of the gods, from his crystalline throne,
Beheld the disconsolate dame,
And, moved with her tears, he sent Mercury down,
And these were the tidings that came :
Britannia, forbear, not a sigh, or a tear,
For thy Wolfe, so deservedly loved ;
Your tears shall be changed into triumphs of joy,
For thy Wolfe is not dead but removed.

The sons of the east, the proud giants of old,
Have crept from their darksome abodes,
And this is the news, as in heaven it was told,
They were marching to war with the gods.
A council was held in the chambers of Jove,
And this was their final decree,
That Wolfe should be call'd to the armies above,
And the charge was intrusted to me.

To the plains of Quebec with the orders I flew,
 He begg'd for a moment's delay ;
 He cry'd, " Oh forbear, let me victory hear,
 " And then thy commands I'll obey."
 With a darksome thick film I encompass'd his eyes,
 And bore him away in an urn ;
 Lest the fondness he bore to his own native shore
 Should induce him again to return.

THE

SNOW-DROP AND CRITIC.

A DIALOGUE.

To the Publisher of the Pennsylvania Magazine.

SIR,

I HAVE given your *very modest* SNOW-DROP* what (I think) Shakspeare calls "a local habitation and a name;" that is, I have made a poet of him, and have sent him to take possession of a page in your next magazine. Here he comes, disputing with a Critic about the propriety of a Prologue.

Enter CRITIC and SNOW-DROP.

CRITIC.

PROLOGUES to magazines! the man is mad ;
 No magazine a prologue ever had.
 But let us hear what new and mighty things
 Your wonder-working magic fancy brings.

* Introduction or Preface to No. 1.—See p. 3. Miscellaneous Letters and Essays, Political Works, Vol. II.

SNOW-DROP.

Bit by the muse in an unlucky hour
 I've left myself at home, and turn'd a flow'r ;
 And thus disguis'd came forth to tell my tale,—
 A plain white snow-drop gather'd from the vale,—
 I come to sing that summer is at hand,
 The summer time of wit, you'll understand :
 And that this garden of our magazine
 Will soon exhibit such a pleasing scene,
 That even cities shall admire the show,
 If their good grace will give us time to grow.
 Beneath the surface of the parent earth,
 We've various seed just struggling into birth ;
 Plants, fruits, and flow'rs, and all the smiling race
 That can the orchard or the garden grace :
 Our numbers, Sir, so vast and endless are,
 That when in full complexion we appear,
 Each eye, each hand, shall pluck what suits its taste,
 And ev'ry palate shall enjoy a feast.
 The rose and lily shall address the fair,
 And whisper sweetly out—My dear, take care.
 With sterling worth the *plant of sense* shall rise,
 And teach the curious to philosophize ;
 The keen ey'd wit shall claim the scented briar,
 And sober cits the solid grain admire ;
 While gen'rous juices sparkling from the vine,
 Shall warm the audience, till they cry *Divine*.
 And when the scenes of one gay month are o'er,
 Shall clap their hands, and shout, *Encore, encore*.

CRITIC.

All this is mighty fine ! but, prithee, when
 The frost returns, how fight ye then your men ?

SNOW-DROP.

I'll tell you, Sir—We'll garnish out the scenes
 With stately rows of hardy ever-greens.

Trees that will bear the frost ; and deck their tops
 With everlasting flow'rs—like diamond drops.
 We'll draw, and paint, and carve, with so much skill.
 That wond'ring wits shall cry, *Diviner still.*

CRITIC.

Better and better, yet! But now, suppose
 Some critic wight, in mighty verse or prose,
 Should draw his grey goose weapons, dipt in gall,
 And mow ye down, plants, flow'rs, trees, and all.

SNOW-DROP.

Why then we'll die like flow'rs of sweet perfume,
 And yield a fragrance even in the tomb.

 AN ACCOUNT

OF THE

BURNING OF BACHELORS' HALL.

BY THE OLD BACHELOR.

FAIR Venus so often was miss'd from the skies,
 And Bacchus as frequently absent likewise,
 That the synod began to enquire out the reason,
 Suspecting the culprits were plotting of treason.
 At length it was found they had open'd a ball
 At a place by the *mortals* call'd Batchlors' Hall;

Where Venus disclos'd ev'ry fun she could think of,
 And Bacchus made nectar for mortals to drink of.

Jove highly displeas'd at such riotous doings,
 Sent Time to reduce the whole building to ruins.
 But *Time* was so slack with his traces and dashes,
 That Jove in a passion consum'd it to ashes.

LIBERTY TREE.

TUNE—"The Gods of the Greeks."

I.

In a chariot of light, from the regions of day,
 The goddess of liberty came,
 Ten thousand celestials directed the way,
 And hither conducted the dame.
 A fair budding branch from the garden above,
 Where millions with millions agree,
 She brought in her hand, as a pledge of her love,
 And the plant she named, *Liberty tree*.

II.

The celestial exotic struck deep in the ground,
 Like a native it flourish'd and bore :
 The fame of its fruit drew the nations around,
 To seek out this peaceable shore.
 Unmindful of names or distinctions they came,
 For freemen like brothers agree ;
 With one spirit endued, they one friendship pursued,
 And their temple was *Liberty tree*.

III.

Beneath this fair tree, like the patriarchs of old,
 Their bread in contentment they ate,
 Unvex'd with the troubles of silver or gold,
 The cares of the grand and the great.

With timber and tar they Old England supplied,
 And supported her pow'r on the sea :
 Her battles they fought, without getting a groat,
 For the honour of *Liberty tree*.

IV.

But hear, O ye swains ('tis a tale most profane),
 How all the tyrannical pow'rs,
 King, Commons, and Lords, are uniting amain,
 To cut down this guardian of ours.
 From the east to the west blow the trumpet to arms,
 Through the land let the sound of it flee :—
 Let the far and the near, all unite with a cheer,
 In defence of our *Liberty tree*.

 VERSES TO A FRIEND,

AFTER A LONG CONVERSATION

ON WAR.

THE rain pours down, the City looks forlorn,
 And gloomy subjects suit the howling morn ;
 Close by my fire, with door and window fast,
 And safely shelter'd from the driving blast,
 To gayer thoughts I bid a day's adieu,
 To spend a scene of solitude with you.

So oft has black revenge engross'd the care
 Of all the leisure hours man finds to spare ;
 So oft has guilt in all her thousand dens,
 Call'd for the vengeance of chastising pens ;
 That while I fain would ease my heart on you,
 No thought is left untold, no passion new.

From flight to flight the mental path appears,
 Worn with the steps of near six thousand years,
 And fill'd throughout with every scene of pain,
 From George the murderer up to murderous Cain.
 Alike in cruelty, alike in hate,
 In guilt alike, but more alike in fate.
 Both cursed supremely for the blood they drew,
 Each from the rising world, while each was new.

Go, man of blood! true likeness of the first,
 And strew your blasted head with homely dust :
 In ashes sit—in wretched sackcloth weep,
 And with unpitied sorrows cease to sleep.
 Go haunt the tombs, and single out the place
 Where earth itself shall suffer a disgrace.
 Go spell the letters on some mould'ring urn,
 And ask if he who sleeps there can return.
 Go count the numbers that in silence lie,
 And learn by study what it is to die ;
 For sure your heart, if any heart you own,
 Conceits that man expires without a groan :
 That he who lives receives from you a grace,
 Or death is nothing but a change of place :
 That peace is dull, that joy from sorrow springs,
 And war the most desirable of things.
 Else why these scenes that wound the feeling mind,
 This sport of death—this cockpit of mankind!
 Why sobs the widow in perpetual pain!
 Why cries the orphan!—" Oh! my father's slain!"
 Why hangs the sire his paralytic head?
 And nods with manly grief—" My son his dead!"
 Why drops the tear from off the sister's cheek,
 And sweetly tells the misery she would speak?
 Or, why, in sorrow sunk, does pensive John
 To all the neighbours tell, " Poor master's gone?"

Oh! could I paint the passion I can feel,
 Or point a horror that would wound like steel,

To thy unfeeling, unrelenting mind,
I'd send a torture and relieve mankind.

You that are husbands, fathers, brothers, all
The tender names which kindred learn to call ;
Yet like an image carved in massy stone,
You bear the shape, but sentiment have none ;
Allied by dust and figure, not with mind,
You only herd, but live not with mankind.

Since then no hopes to civilize remain,
And mild philosophy has preach'd in vain,
One prayer is left which dreads no proud reply,
That he who made you breathe will make you die.

SONG.

TUNE—" *Rule Britannia.*"

HAIL, great Republic of the world,
The rising Empire of the West ;
Where famed Columbus' mighty mind inspired
Gave tortured Europe scenes of rest !

CHORUS.

Be thou for ever great, for ever great and free,
The land of love and liberty.

Beneath thy spreading mantle vine,
Beside thy flowry groves and springs,
And on thy lofty, thy lofty mountains' brow,
May all thy sons and fair ones sing.

Be thou for ever great, &c.

From thee may hated Discord fly,
 With all her dark and dreary train;
 And whilst thy mighty, thy mighty waters roll,
 May heart endearing concord reign.

Be thou for ever great, &c.

Far as the vast Atlantic pours
 Its loaded wave to human sight,
 There may thy starry, thy starry standard shine,
 The constellation of thy rights.

Be thou for ever great, &c.

Let laureats sing their birth-day odes,
 Or how that death, like thunders, hurl'd;
 'Tis ours the charter, the charter ours alone,
 To sing the birth-day of a world.

Be thou for ever great, &c.

May ages, as they rise, proclaim
 The glories of thy natal day;
 And restless Europe, from thy example learn,
 To live, to rule, and to obey.

Be thou for ever great, &c.

LINES

SENT TO SIR ROBERT SMITH,

The morning after his asking Mr. Paine over night, the question

WHAT IS LOVE?

'Tis that delightful transport we can feel,
 Which painters cannot paint, or words reveal.
 Nor any art we know of,—can conceal.

Canst thou describe the sun-beams to the blind,
Or make him feel a shadow with his mind?
So neither can we by description show
This first of all felicities below.

When happy Love pours magic o'er the soul,
And all our thoughts in sweet delirium roll;
When Contemplation spreads its rainbow wings,
And every flutter some new rapture brings;
How sweetly then our moments glide away,
And dreams repeat the raptures of the day;
We live in ecstasy to all things kind,
For love can teach a moral to the mind.
But are there not some other marks that prove,
What is this wonder of the soul, call'd love?

O yes, there are, but of a different kind,
The dreadful horrors of a dismal mind.
Some jealous fury throws her poison'd dart,
And rends in pieces the distracted heart,

When love's a tyrant, and the soul a slave,
No hopes remain to thought, but in the grave;
In that dark den, it sees an end to grief,
And what was once its dread, becomes relief.

What are the iron chains that hands have wrought?
The hardest chains to break, are those of thought.
Think well of this, ye lovers, and be kind,
Nor play with torture—or a tortured mind.

EPIGRAM

ON

A LONG NOSED FRIEND.*

GOING along the other day,
 Upon a certain plan;
 I met a nose upon the way,
 Behind it—was a man.

I called unto the nose to stop,
 And when it had done so,—
 The man behind it—he came up,
 They made ZENOBIO.

ON THE

BRITISH CONSTITUTION.

OF all the wonders man e'er saw,
 That merit men's applauses,
 Since Adam delv'd in Paradise,
 And Eve made beds of roses:—

* Count Zenobio.

The greatest wonder of them all,
 And free from all confusion—
 It is—oh, lift up your hands and eyes,
The British Constitution!
 It is—as *stable* as the hills
 That have endured for ever ;
 It is—as *fleeting* as the wave
 That glides in yonder river :
 It is—as changing as a maid,
 Just when she is betrothing ;—
 'Tis *this*—'tis *that*—'tis *l'other thing*—
 'Tis *every thing*—and—NOTHING !

THE STRANGE STORY OF
 KORAH, DATHAN, AND ABIRAM,
Numbers, Chap. xvi. accounted for.

OLD ballads sing of Chevy-chace,
 Beneath whose rueful shade,
 Full many a valiant man was slain,
 And many a widow made.

But I will tell of one much worse,
 That happ'd in days of yore ;
 All in the barren wilderness,
 Beside the Jordan shore.

Where Moses led the children forth,
 Call'd chosen tribes of God ;
 And fed them forty years with quails,
 And ruled them with a rod.

A dreadful fray once rose among
 These self-named tribes of I am ;
 Where Korah fell, and by his side
 Fell Dathan and Abiram.

An earthquake swallowed thousands up,
 And fire came down like stones ;
 Which slew their sons and daughters all,
 Their wives and little ones.

'Twas all about old Aaron's tythes
 This murdering quarrel rose ;
 For tythes are worldly things of old,
 That lead from words to blows.

A Jew of Venice has explained,
 In the language of his nation,
 The manner how this fray began,
 Of which here is translation.

There was a widow old and poor,
 Who scarce herself could keep ;
 Her stock of goods was very small,
 Her flocks one single sheep.

And when her time of shearing came,
 She counted much her gains ;
 For now, said she, I shall be blest,
 With plenty for my pains.

When Aaron heard the sheep was shear'd,
 And gave a good increase,
 He straightway sent his tything man,
 And took away the fleece.

At this the weeping widow went
 To Korah to complain,
 And Korah he to Aaron went
 In order to explain.

But Aaron said, in such a case,
There can be no forbearing,
The law ordains that thou shalt give
The first fleece of thy shearing.

When lambing time was come about,
This sheep became a dam ;
And bless'd the widow's mournful heart,
By bringing forth a lamb.

When Aaron heard the sheep had young,
He staid till it was grown,
And then he sent this tything man,
And took it for his own.

Again the weeping widow went
To Korah with her grief,
But Aaron said, in such a case,
There could be no relief.

For in the holy law 'tis writ,
That whilst thou keep'st the stock,
Thou shalt present unto the Lord
The firstling of thy flock.

The widow then in deep distress,
And having nought to eat,
Against her will she killed the sheep,
To feed upon the meat.

When Aaron heard the sheep was killed,
He sent and took a limb ;
Which by the holy law he said
Pertained unto him.

For in the holy law 'tis writ,
That when thou kill'st a beast,
Thou shalt a shoulder and a breast
Present unto the priest.

The widow then worn out with grief,
 Sat down to mourn and weep ;
 And in a fit of passion said,
 The devil take the sheep.

Then Aaron took the whole away,
 And said the laws record,
 That all and each devoted thing
 Belongs unto the Lord.

The widow went among her kin,
 The tribes of Israel rose ;
 And all the widows, young and old,
 Pull'd Aaron by the nose.

But Aaron call'd an earthquake up,
 And fire from ont the sky ;
 And all the consolation is—
 The Bible tells a lie.

A COMMENTARY ON

THE EASTERN WISE MEN,

*Travelling to Bethlehem, guided by a Star, to see the little Jesus
 in a Manger, as recorded in the Gospel of Matthew, c. xxii.*

THREE pedlars travelling to a fair,
 To see the fun and what was there,
 And sell their merchandize ;
 They stopp'd upon the road to chat,
 Refresh, and ask of this and that,
 That they might be more wise.

“ And pray,” the landlord says to them,
 “ Whence go ye, Sirs?” “ To Bethlehem,”
 The Citizens replied.
 “ You’re, merchants, Sirs,” to them said he,
 “ We are,” replied the pedlars three,
 “ And eastern men beside.”

“ I pray what have you in your packs,
 “ If worth the while I will go snacks,”
 To them quoth Major Domo ;
 “ We’ve buckles, buttons, spectacles,
 “ And ev’ry thing a merchant sells,”
 Replied the travelling trio.

“ These things are very well,” said he,
 “ For Beaux and those who cannot see,
 “ Much further than their knuckles ;”
 “ But Bethlehem’s fair’s for boys and girls,
 “ Who never think of spectacles,
 “ And cannot buy your buckles.”

“ I have a pack of toys,” quoth he,
 “ A travelling merchant left with me,
 “ Who could not pay his score ;”
 “ And you shall have them on condition,
 “ You sell them at a cheap commission,
 “ And make the money sure.”

“ There’s one of us will stay in pawn,
 “ Until the other two return,
 “ If you suspect our faith,” said they ;

The landlord thought this was a plan
 To leave upon his hands the man,
 And therefore he said “ Nay.”

They truck’d however for the pack,
 Which one of them took on his back,
 And off the merchants travelled.
 And here the tale the apostles told,
 Of wise men and their gifts of gold
 Will fully be unravelled.

[The star in the east that shines so bright,
 As might be seen both day and night,
 If you will credit them,
 It was no other than a sign
 To a public house where pedlars dine,
 In East Street, Bethlehem.]

These wise men were the pedlars three,
 As you and all the world may see,
 By reading to the end ;
 For commentators have mistook,
 In paraphrasing on a book
 They did not understand.

Our travellers coming to a house,
 Scarce fit to entertain a mouse,
 Enquired to have a room.
 The landlord said he was not able,
 To give them any but a stable,
 So many folks were come.

" I pray, who have you here," say they,
 " And how much money must we pay ?
 " For we have none to spare."

" Why there's one Joseph and a wench,
 " Who are to go before the bench,
 " About a love affair.

" Some how or other, in a manger,
 " A child exposed to every danger,
 " Was found, as if 'twas sleeping."

" The girl she swears that she's a maid,
 " So says the man, but I'm afraid,
 " On me will fall the keeping.

" Now if you'll set your wits about,
 " To find this knotty matter out,
 " I'll pay whate'er it may be."

Then on the trav'ling pedlars went,
 To pay their birth-day compliment,
 And talk about the baby.

They then unpack'd their pack of toys,
 Some for show and some for noise,
 But mostly for the latter :
 One gave a rattle, one a whistle,
 One a trumpet made of gristle,
 To introduce the matter.

One squeaked away, the other blew,
 The third play'd on the rattle too,
 To keep the bantling easy :
 Hence this story comes to us,
 Of which some people make such fuss,
 About the Eastern Magi.

Mr. Paine corresponded with a lady, and dated his letters from "The Castle in Air," while she addressed hers from "The Little Corner of the World." For reasons which he knew not, their intercourse was suddenly suspended, and for some time he believed his fair friend in obscurity and distress. Many years afterwards, however, he met her unexpectedly at Paris in the most affluent circumstances, and married to Sir Robert Smith. The following is a copy of one of these poetical effusions.

FROM THE CASTLE IN AIR,
 TO THE
 THE LITTLE CORNER OF THE WORLD.

IN the region of clouds where the whirlwinds arise,
 My castle of fancy was built :
 The turrets reflected the blue of the skies,
 And the windows with sun-beams were gilt.

The rainbow sometimes in its beautiful state,
 Enamell'd the mansion around,
 And the figures that fancy in clouds can create,
 Supplied me with gardens and ground.

I had grottos and fountains, and orange tree groves,
 I had all that enchantment has told ;
 I had sweet shady walks for the Gods and their Loves,
 I had mountains of coral and gold.

But a storm that I felt not, had risen and roll'd,
 While rapt in a slumber I lay :
 And when I looked out in the morning, behold !
 My castle was carried away.

It pass'd over rivers, and vallies, and groves—
 The world, it was all in my view—
 I thought of my friends, of their fates, of their loves,
 And often, full often of you.

At length it came over a beautiful scene,
 That nature in silence had made :
 'The place was but small—but 'twas sweetly serene,
 And chequer'd with sunshine and shade.

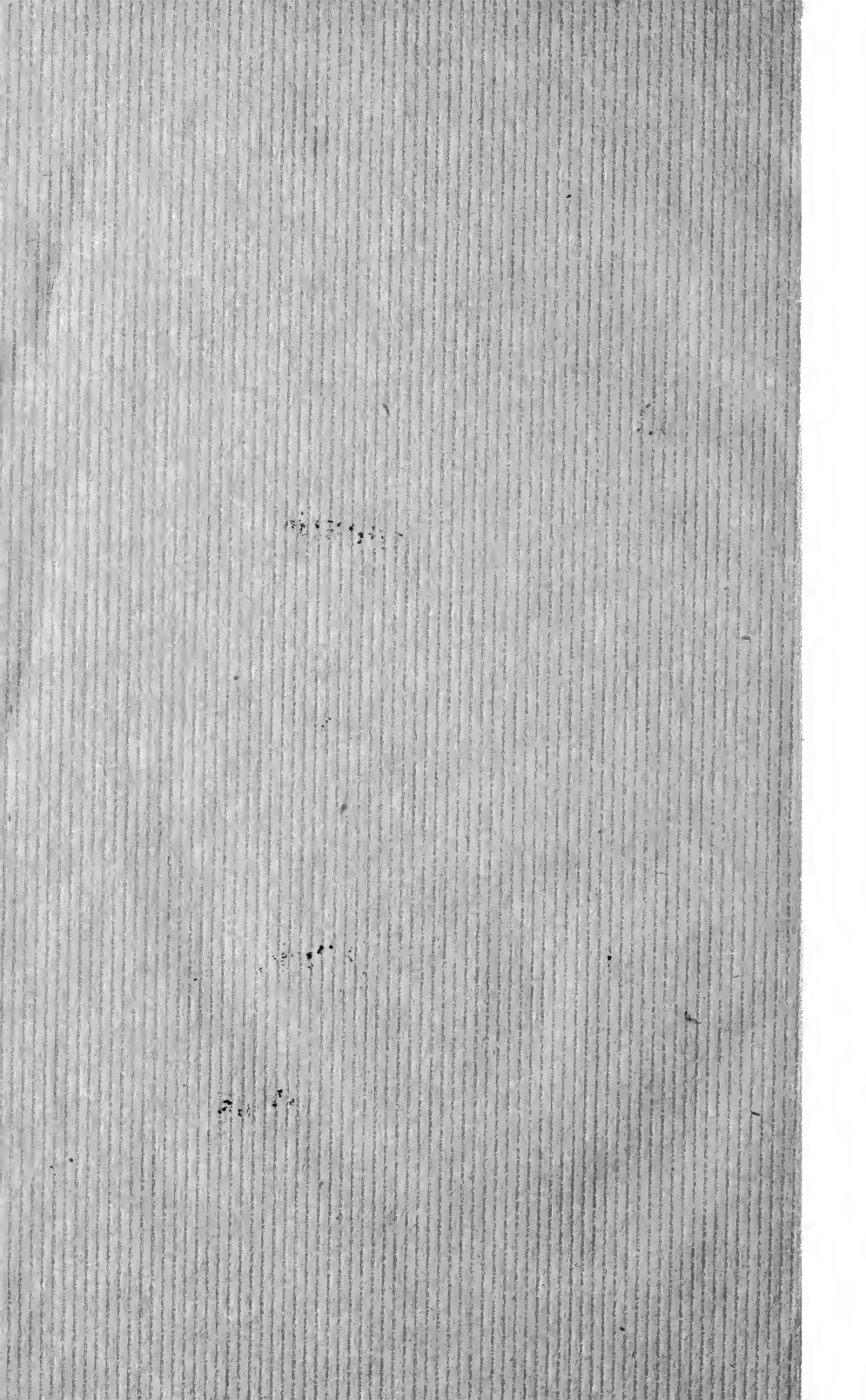
I gaz'd and I envied with painful good will,
 And grew tired of my seat in the air :
 When all of a sudden my castle stood still,
 As if some attraction was there.

Like a lark from the sky it came fluttering down,
 And plac'd me exactly in view—
 When who should I meet, in this charming retreat,
 This corner of calmness—but you.

Delighted to find you in honour and ease,
 I felt no more sorrow nor pain ;
 And the wind coming fair, I ascended the breeze,
 And went back with my castle again.

THE END.





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